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The Evening World First.

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INCREASE.....469 1/2

No other six-day paper, morning or evening, in New
York EVER carried in regular editions in any one month
such a volume of display advertising as The Evening
World carried in March, 1904.



By Martin Green.

Harburger's Grouch Against Commissioner McAdoo.

"I SEE," said the Cigar Store Man, "that Julius
Harburger is making a holler because he can't
sit on Commissioner McAdoo's desk and blow
Second Avenue cigar smoke into his face."

"Julius don't seem to be hep that the city is being
run under a new set of rules," remarked the Man Higher
Up. "The old collar-and-elbow method has been given
the slide. The people who are running Tammany Hall
now are wise to the proposition that letting the district
leaders run the city is what has made the periods of
Tammany control so variously periodical."

"Maybe Julius would like to see the old days when a
district leader could sit on the bench with a Magistrate
and steer the course of the court; maybe he would like
to see the return of the day when a district leader could
go to the Commissioners of Police and demand the
transfer or removal of a cop with a cinch chance of
getting the demand granted. If he would like to see
those days again it is a sign that he desires the present
Tammany administration to take a hemorrhage a year
from next fall and be run to the bone yard."

"You notice that Julius says that it is a sad thing
for a district leader to go to a department for patronage
and have to sit out in the ante-room for a couple of
hours. If he didn't like the way McAdoo is running the
Police Department with respect to district leaders, why
did he invite McAdoo over to his meeting and advertise
that he would make a speech? If McAdoo is such a
bloomer, it is funny that Julius should want his people
to listen to him."

"Tim Sullivan ought to call Julius down to the
Bowery and give him a couple of rehearsals. Things are
not going the way Sullivan would like to see them go,
but you don't hear him make any yammer, and he has
had a line of political experience that makes the career
of Julius Harburger look like a course in a manual
training school. Everybody knows that Harburger is a
hard worker, and he has our sympathy in the frost he
has run astray looking for patronage, but when he goes
out to throw the boots into the administration he ought
to remember that his district is an extremely small
corner of Greater New York."

"There seems to be quite a lot of dissatisfaction with
Tammany's policy of liberality toward its enemies,"
suggested the Cigar Store Man.

"Well," agreed the Man Higher Up, "it does look
a little on the white rabbit to see Tammany Hall inviting
Webster Davis, who was elected Mayor of Kansas City
on an A. P. ticket a few years ago, to give it political
advice."

Smallest Soldier.

The smallest conscript at the latest drawing for service
in the French Army was Jacques Chaboud, of Vergilliere.
His height is 2 feet 11 inches and he weighs 67 1/2 pounds.
His age is twenty-one.

Most Artistic Stamps.

Japanese postage stamps are rated as the most artistic
in the world. There is a great demand for them in London
at present. The first stamps were issued in 1871. There are
few rare ones, the highest price ever known to have been
paid for one being \$50.

THE FATAL CHORD; or, the Baffling Mystery of the Carnegie Hall Murder.

By Albert Payson Terhune.

CHAPTER IV.

On the Trail.

FOR a full minute Royce Ballard sat
as though paralyzed by the news
he had just heard.
When he spoke it was in so low a tone
that the unseen listener could not catch
the words.
"Just a few moments later his voice
came somewhat."

"Don't you suppose I've thought of
that?" he was saying. "I knew that
any one who suspected might try to
shoot me down for the murder of the
Carnegie Hall."

sent. I carry it with me all the time.
There's no evidence that will let them
arrest me and search my clothes. But
any third-rate detective—yes, or any
woman with a grudge against me, for
that matter—might gain access to my
rooms in my absence and find it. That's
where I was wise."

"You say no one had evidence against
you that could warrant your arrest?
How about me?"
"I didn't know out to-night that you
had any knowledge of the—"

"You know it now. My dear Royce,
with me for an enemy you are lost.
With me for an ally you are safe and
a millionaire. The price of my alli-
ance is a plain gold ring. A wife can-
not testify against me."

had it worth it. Shall we join the
crowd that are congratulating him?
"Yes."

Bona had stepped through the half-
drawn portiere, but snarled back with
a little rasp.
"What's the matter?" asked Royce,
uneasily.

"Was a man's leaning against the
wall right by the edge of the bay win-
dow, within two yards of us? How
much do you suppose he heard? I
thought every one was across the room
nearer the piano."

Royce lifted a corner of the portiere
in the direction she indicated and took
a long look at the man. Then he dropped
the curtain with a sigh of relief.
"It's only that stupid Englishman,
Dr. Joseph Watts Beckett's friend,"
he said, contemptuously. "He's lean-
ing there with his eyes shut and his
mouth open and his silly head nodding.
His charms seem to have 'soothed
his savage breast' to slumber. Even if
he'd been awake he wouldn't have been
able to understand us."

"Can he have been listening while he
pretended to be asleep?"
"If he was, he'd have moved away
the second we discovered he was there.
No. Watts is a negligible quantity."

"You're sure? He gave me a scare.
Who is he, anyway?"
"An Englishman who scraped ac-
quaintance with Beckett on the other
side. Beckett seems to think he
owes him something, for he takes him
everywhere, even in his researches into
the cause of Cyril's death."

"Is Mr. Beckett on that case?"
"Yes. He is always meddling in other
people's affairs. To justify his idiotic
nickname of 'The Millionaire Detective'
I suppose. There's nothing to
fear from him. No more than from this
stupid Watts fellow."

"The 'stupid Watts fellow' meanwhile
gradually awoke from his doze and
strode over to where Von Rieckel
stood by the piano. Von Rieckel
seemingly absorbed in the musical discus-
sion going on there, he did not fall
back to note that Bona Pittant and Royce
had emerged from the bay window and
had joined the other guests. Taking an
envelope from his pocket, The Englishman
quietly tore off the superscription and
stepped near to Royce, let the
envelope fall to the floor.

In London there are a dozen of my as-
sistants who could help me get pos-
session of it. As it is, 'this stupid
Watts fellow' may possibly outwit
the clever Mr. Royce Ballard after all."

For some time past, The Englishman
had been quietly but ingenuously busy.
Introduced by Beckett with an English
friend who was interested in watching
American methods of detective work,
he had accompanied the 'Millionaire
Detective' on the latter's investigation
of the Ballard case; had exam-
ined carefully the body, and, as far as
he could, the law did not demand them
and he refused to permit such intru-
sions.

Craddock had calmly refused to have
"a gang of thief-takers prying about
his rooms," as he termed it. Any
reasonable investigation, he said, he
would permit with pleasure. But he
saw no reason why measurements, mi-
croscopic examinations, etc., should be
made. The law did not demand them
and he refused to permit such intru-
sions.

The Englishman, by admitting that
he was a detective, might, of course,
have obtained the necessary permis-
sion from the authorities. But he did
not choose to jeopard his future suc-
cess on the case by throwing off the
disguise of "Dr. Joseph Watts."
Unhappily, he knew that dozens of
persons had trained about Craddock's
rooms since Ballard had fallen dead
there, and that their careless footprints
had doubtless blotted out all significant
traces of the crime's origin and ori-
gination.

Moreover, there seemed, in view of
such probable obliteration, no absolute
necessity for such a search. Yet The
Englishman was resolved at the first
good opportunity to make it. Though
realizing that each passing day made
the chance of a "find" there more and
more unlikely, he was determined to
make, some time, such a thorough mi-
croscopic investigation of the apartment
as his soul craved.

With this object in view he had sedu-
lously cultivated Craddock's acquain-
tance. To most of the people who had
met him through Beckett The Eng-
lishman seemed uninteresting, self-ab-
sorbed and somewhat stupid. Crad-
dock, however, who saw far deeper into
human nature than did those about him,
read "Dr. Watts" differently. He saw
the tremendous energy, the keen, ana-
lytical mind beneath the diffident ex-
terior, and he felt an unwonted attrac-
tion toward the famous sleuth. He and
The Englishman were much together.

The great detective, on his part, was
keenly interested in Craddock. Here
was a man who, with all his great pow-
ers of deduction, The Englishman could
not make out. Subtle, brilliant, hon-
orable, contemptuous of his fellow men,
secure in the knowledge of his own
strength, thus he had sided up Craddock's
complicated character.

Thus, indeed, he described him to
himself. He had trained about Craddock's
rooms since Ballard had fallen dead
there, and that their careless footprints
had doubtless blotted out all significant
traces of the crime's origin and ori-
gination.

Beckett as the two detectives walked
homeward down Fifth Avenue late that
night.
"He's the sort of man who stands
head and shoulders above the average,"
answered Beckett. "In times of panic
or trouble the rest of the flock to him like
frightened children to a father. He
has good nerves, too, to sleep in that
place after the awful tragedy that hap-
pened there. Especially after the seem-
ingly superhuman events that accom-
panied it. By the way, have you for-
gotten that instant of that instant of
utter darkness and the crashing out
of that one loud chord from the
piano?"

"Not yet," answered The English-
man. "But I should have formed
a theory to account for that noted
and certain conditions I related about
Ballard's body and which the police
doctors alike seem to have
overlooked. But that theory was so
wild, so utterly improbable—and be-
sides, I had no chance to verify it by
proper examination of the room,
and—"

"Would you mind telling me the
nature of this wild theory you first
formed?"
"No—yes, on second thoughts, I'd
rather not, until the affair is solved.
Then I'll tell you of any of my false
clues that may interest you. In the
mean time, the probabilities are in favor
of our fixing the crime on our friend
Royce Ballard. As you expected, here
was a man who, with all his great pow-
ers of deduction, The Englishman could
not make out. Subtle, brilliant, hon-
orable, contemptuous of his fellow men,
secure in the knowledge of his own
strength, thus he had sided up Craddock's
complicated character."

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traces of the crime's origin and ori-
gination.

lard and find what this secret is. It
may be the chemical formula for the
poison. It may be some of the poison
itself. It may be some incriminating
document. In any case—"

"But the analysis failed to show
any marks of poison in the body, and
those mysterious brown tablets, when
analyzed, contained no known poison."
"None known to local chemists. You
mean, I have sent to my laboratory
in London for certain tests of my own
invention which mean 'to apply to
these tablets, take charge and re-
turn in a few days. I'll deliver myself
that they will lay bare the most subtle
poison. When I find the nature of
the poison I will also know its effects,
then it will be an easy matter to
have the body exhumed and see if our
suspicions are correct. But a surer
in the paper or whatever it is that
Royce Ballard says he carries about
and day. And that is what I am going
to get."

"But how?"
"Gresham can get me a blank war-
rant, and I fancy I can make up suf-
ficiently well as to direct him to—"
"You mean you'd arrest him on some
trumped-up, fake charge and go
through his clothes?"

"No, no, I wouldn't go through his
clothes. They'd do that at the next
station-house to which I brought him.
I'd examine the papers, find I had the
wrong man and let him go. That's
all!"
"But it's illegal. It's—"
"When you're dealing with a criminal
you must meet him on his own ground.
If you hope to win, to-morrow I shall
get the warrant and put my little plan
into execution. May I count on your
help?"
"If any other man asked it I'd say
'no.' But you can count on me. I
shall be with you, though I shall
involve a queer work before we're
done."

The Telephone Girl and Matrimony.

By
Nixola Greeley-Smith.



A Western news-
paper is authority
for the statement
that of all the
great army of em-
ployed women, the
little telephone girl
has the best
chance of matri-
mony.

It gives as a rea-
son for the marked
preference exhib-
ited by the mar-
riageable young
man for the "hello"
girl the fact that
she who goes into an office to answer
calls at the switchboard often does so
directly from her own home and is
therefore "fresh, pretty and absolutely
unspoiled by business life."

In New York no statistics have been
gathered which could determine whether
the presiding geniuses of our switch-
boards do indeed meet with greater
matrimonial favor than the girl stenog-
rapher or cashier.

But, if she does, the reason for her
supremacy would not be far to seek, for
she has cast about her by her very
profession what is said to be the great-
est charm of womanhood—that of mys-
tery.

The stenographer is seen every day
by nearly all the men with whom she
comes in contact. However pretty, she
is apt to become in the eyes of those
who see her daily a mere office fixture,
and her acquaintance is limited to the
persons she sees.

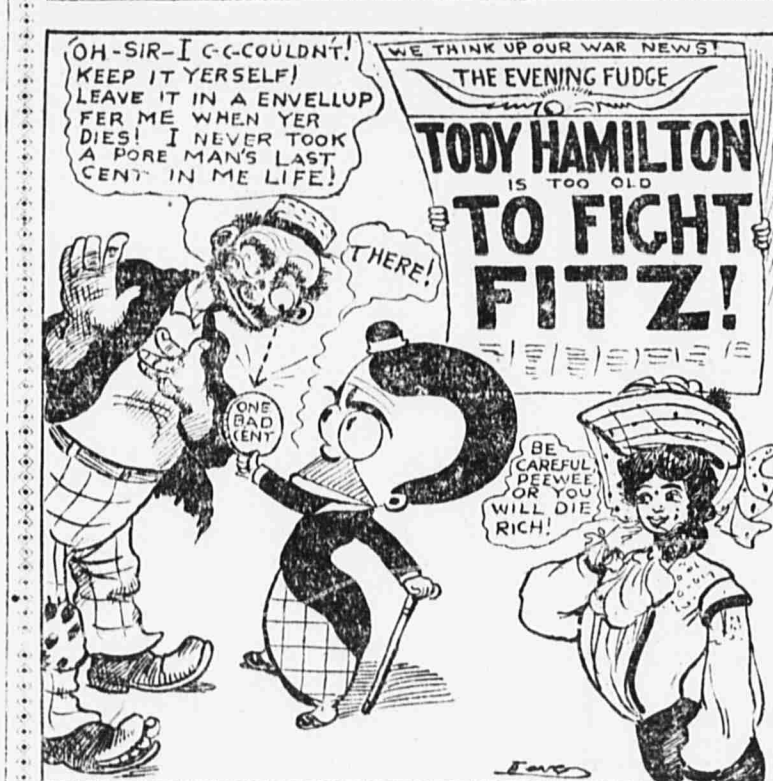
The telephone girl, on the contrary,
though seen by a very few persons, has
a practically limitless acquaintance.
She often addresses and is addressed
as many as a thousand persons a
day. And it is she who excites the curiosity and interest
of every man who speaks to her.

The very fact that she cannot be seen
adds to her charm, for she is left al-
together to the imagination of her ad-
mirer, and imagination is always kinder
than nature.

Women generally do not realize this.
In appearance and dress and manner
they strive for the too-obvious. Their
one idea is to display, to emphasize.
And often they force a man's attention
to some good point, like pretty eyes
or hair, which he would appreciate
much more if he were left to discover
it himself.

The Great and Only Mr. Peewee.

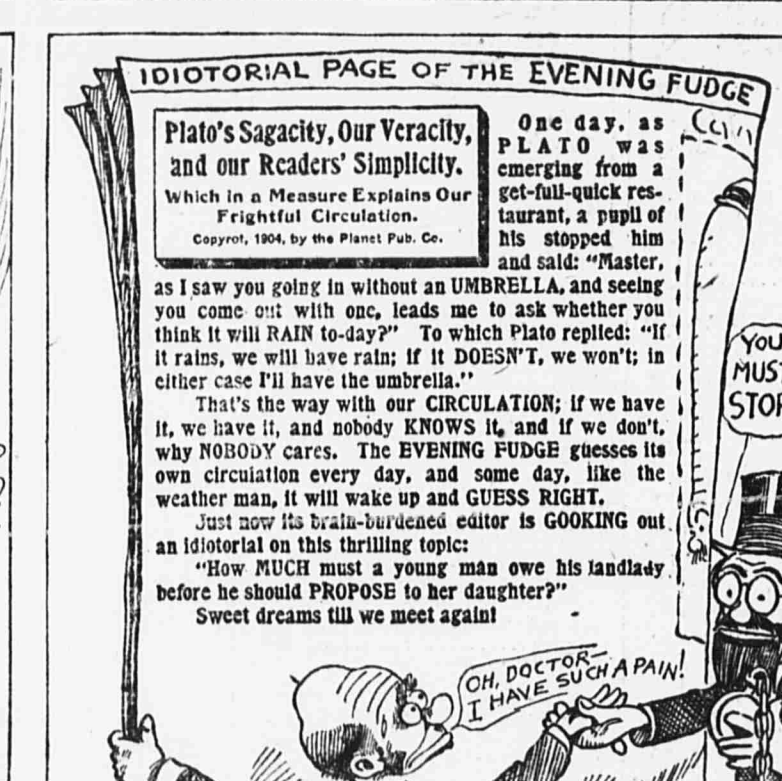
Mr. Peewee, Like Carnegie, Doesn't Want to Die Rich.



To-day's \$5 Prize "Fudge" Idiotorial Was Written by J. Klein, 118 East Eighty-ninth Street, N. Y. City.

PRIZE PEEWEE HEADLINES for to-day, \$1 paid for each: No. 1—F. M. HADESELL, No. 145 High street, Brooklyn; No. 2—CHARLES C. LAUGHTON, of Westwood, N. J.; No. 3—J. B. ALLAIRE, No. 261 West 44th street, New York City.

To-morrow's Prize "Fudge" Idiotorial Gook, "The Russo-Japanese War Must Stop."



Mrs. Nagg and Mr.---

By Roy L. McCardell.

"WHICH is Smoot, the Mormon Senator?"

"Why don't you point him out to me?"

"You don't care how anxious I am to see Senator Smoot."

"You do not know him? Oh, Mr. Nagg, do not attempt to deceive me. I try to please you in everything. I never criticize, I never contradict you, do I? Don't you dare say I do! I do not! I can prove it by mamma and my little brother Willie. They will take my part."

"I know what is in your mind. I know why you are hiding this man Smoot from me!"

"You are plotting to be a Mormon. You would like to see me your toy and playing, a nonentity in your house for your other wives, as I am for you!"

"You think because you have in me a meek, patient, suffering, uncomplaining woman that you could get a dozen others to terrorize over."

"But other women would not keep silent as I do. Then perhaps, after I was dead, you would miss my gentle smile and quiet way."

"No, Mr. Nagg. You would get wives who would not put up with what I do."

"They would not be silent, smiling martyrs. They would show you! They would scold and scold, and jaw and jaw, and fuss and fuss, and quarrel with you till you would wish you were never married."

"Go, Mr. Nagg; be a Mormon elder. Break the hearts of other women as you break mine, but do not stand by my side jeering at me and taunting me with your infamous boasts that you know Senator Smoot and that you intend to be a Mormon, too."

"You never thought of such a thing, you say?"

"How do I know what you think?"

"But do not stand here quarrelling with me about the Mormons."

"That is Senator Frye in the chair, you say?"

"What do I care who is in the chair? You would not give me any information if I begged for it on my knees!"

"This is the House of Representatives? Oh, thank you, but I'm not a dummy. I know that much!"

"Who is that speaking? Congressman Sulzer? And that is Congressman Goldfogle? Isn't he cute?"

"That's Congressman Hennings leaving; he is going out to Benning to the races, you say?"

"Why don't you take me to the races?"

"You never thought of it, you say?"

"Of course you didn't. You never think of anything to make me happy, when all I think of is to please you and to be loving, kind and patient!"

"We are going to the White House, you say? Please don't take me anywhere else. I am so tired."

"Where shall we go now? Anywhere I like? Why, I want to see everything. But never mind now! You have taken all the pleasure from my trip by your indifference and neglect."

"Why did you drag me along to taunt me and to jeer and snarl at me?"

"Oh, I wish I were dead! Let me die; life has no interest to me!"

"Mr. Nagg, I want to go to Harvey's for some steamed oysters. And at once, sir; at once. I am as hungry as a bear!"

"The Laziest People."

It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the Coreans are the laziest people on earth. All day long they lie about the streets smoking their gigantic pipes. A native pipe is a six-foot length of bamboo with a metal bowl and is carried tucked into the neckband and down the trouser leg. All work of very nearly every kind is done by the women, who occupy perhaps the most degraded position held by the sex of any nation. The unfortunate female population is collectively a mass of burden and denied even the most elementary recognition as human beings. A Corean girl has no name; she is merely known as "Daughter of So-and-so," her father.